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Architecture.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.

Meeting of September 7.—After the reading of several interesting communications from foreign members, the librarian reported the receipt of numerous valuable works on Art, presented to the Institute by Messrs. D. Appleton & Company, of this city. The librarian had good reason to believe that other publishers would soon follow their beneficent example. He also hoped that the Library Committee would speedily hand in their report, as he felt assured that the intelligent public would receive it graciously, and would second the Institute in its endeavors to found a library worthy of this association.

The general business of the evening being attended to, upon suggestion from the chair, an interesting debate ensued concerning the restoration of the City Hall, wherein was shown the desirableness of making the support to domes apparent *externally*; in other words, the substructure of domes should form a marked feature in the façade, the absence of which is too often to be regretted.

By order,

R. M. HUNT,
Secretary.

Notes and Queries.

LONGEVITY OF ARTISTS (see CRAYON, Vol. V. p. 144).—At the end of *Lane's History of Painting* is a long list of artists, and 439 of them have their ages given at death. Of these

14	died	between	20	and	30	years	old.
55	"	"	30	"	40	"	"
76	"	"	40	"	50	"	"
144	"	"	50	"	60	"	"
280	"	"	60	"	70	"	"
262	"	"	70	"	80	"	"
131	"	"	80	"	90	"	"
24	"	"	90	"	100	"	"
3	"	over	100	"	"	"	"

The average age is somewhat over 66 years. This is even higher than those previously given.

REMARKS ON 1ST ODE, 1ST BOOK OF HORACE.

WRITERS on the works of Horace generally consider this ode to have been designed by the author for a dedication of some portion of his lyrical productions. They rest this opinion on certain expressions of eulogy which occur in the two first verses of the ode. In these the poet presents a grateful salutation to his patron, and ascribes to him the protection which he has received, and the respect which he enjoys.

Viewed as a dedication, however, the introductory couplet appears to have little connection with the rest of the composition; for, beautiful as the examples of varied life may be, which are presented in the body of the poem, such pictures of differing tastes and pursuits reflect no more credit on Mæcenas than on Julius Florus, Lollius, or any other to whom our poet sometimes wrote.

We are accustomed to search for the spirit of a composition in the materials of which it consists. Should we do so, with

the ode in consideration, its subject matter will afford no evidence of the poem's having been intended for what it is usually supposed; for its aim, if we do not greatly mistake, will, on trial, be found to show the diversity of tastes among men. "One man," says our poet, "is delighted with the prize at the public games; another seeks political power; this one chooses the excitement of a seaman's life; that one prefers the pleasures of the chase. The scholar also has his predilections; retirement and books are the objects of his wish; and should his sensitive nature ever aspire to distinction, it is to that of literary fame." The tendency to indulge this mental habit is often great, and sometimes so strong as to break every sort of restraint. "Separate a man," says the poet, "from the object of his taste, he will be no longer at ease; but as opportunity offers he will return to its enjoyment. Thus the huntsman, lately married, quits the companionship of his youthful bride for the perils of the chase and a couch on the cold mountains. The mariner also, disgusted with his ill-success, and after having exchanged the helm for the plough, abandons the safe and uniform life of the farmer to incur once more the risks of commerce, and face the dangers of the ocean."

Were these subjects upon which Mæcenas required to be informed? or was this the first occasion which the poet had of stating to his patron his discovery of these truths? Had not such illustrations of variety in character been conceded points between the two friends? If so, what could have been the writer's motive for producing them, in the formal dress of poetry? Without doubt, he had some case to propose, and an object to obtain, in adducing facts so little likely to be impugned; and these he candidly announces towards the closing of the ode; there he distinctly avows his own peculiar tastes—tastes simple and unostentatious—yet not less confirmed and unalterable in him than those of the huntsman and the merchant, in the breasts of their several possessors; for he loves his tastes as a portion of his mental life, and he feels that all attempts to change them would be labor bestowed in vain. He is perfectly contented with their exercise, and with the means within his power to gratify them; or if another drop can be added to the cup of his enjoyment, it will flow from the assurance that his literary efforts meet the approbation of his patron.

But a question may arise, why should the poet obtrude the subject of his likings on the minister's attention here? The simplest answer which we can suggest to this inquiry is, that his patron had been making some appeal to the settled habits of the poet. In his care for the welfare of Horace, Mæcenas may have been, at some time, desirous of providing suitably for his decent and independent support, and as he held the power to bestow offices of rank and emolument, the claims of his favorite, when occasion offered, would not be overlooked. When occupied, therefore, in filling up diplomas for civil and military appointments, the name of Horace may have been inscribed on one, and forwarded to the poet's retreat.

The offer would be entertained as a proof of sincere friendship, but the manners of the recluse at *Ustica* but little adapted him to the toils of the camp or the anxieties of the forum. To decline on the ground of incapacity would argue the intended beneficiary unwilling to second his patron's views; yet to accept would be to break through all previous habits, and to tear himself away from the charms of his beloved poetry.

Deeply touched with this instance of affection for him, Horace may be supposed to have indited this ode to testify his

gratitude to his illustrious friend; and while suppressing all mention of non-acceptance, to plead his literary biases in extenuation of unfitness for the place.

Regarding the poem, then, as an apologetic address, we perceive a coherence in its parts. The chasm, which appeared to lie between the introductory couplet and the following lines, is naturally and easily bridged over, and the matter of the argument is seen to unite with the closing thought in the ode.

W. H.

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

Dear Crayon:

DUSSELDORF, August, 1858.

The Academy Exhibition was opened here on the 4th of July. Little or nothing can be remarked of it this year that would not be almost equally applicable to its predecessors, and in all probability to those which are to come for many years. However, as these remarks come but once a year, and are, moreover, neither very deep nor elaborate, they may not be objectionable to your readers.

After passing through the dilapidated court-yard, and taking a glance at the dumpy statue of old John William, we purchase a ticket for ten cents, and commence an ascent of four stair-cases; once on top, and relieved of our ticket by a smiling damsel, we enter a large hall, which, for the purpose of economizing space, is divided into rather narrow compartments by temporary partitions, on both sides of which the pictures are hung. The room is lighted by immense windows, reaching from floor to ceiling, and directly facing the east; owing to a flood of sunshine in the morning, the exhibition cannot be opened till eleven, and in consequence of feeble light in the afternoon, it must be closed at five. The exhibition is kept open from the 4th of July until the 1st of November, during which time there are generally upwards of a thousand paintings exhibited. It is therefore constantly changing; at one time there may be nothing but landscape and *genre* pictures, and a week or two after, this monotony of subject may be relieved by a stiff figure of Christ or a red-eyed Virgin—two subjects, by the way, famous with the academicians.

A historical picture very rarely makes its appearance here. Now and then, however, one comes up to remind us, as it were, that this class of art is not yet entirely extinct. Up to this time one work only of this kind has graced the walls. It is a very large picture of many figures life size, representing an incident—it cannot be called an event—in feudal times. It seems to have been painted for a very select few, as scarcely anybody comprehends its meaning, and of those who do, only one in ten has the good fortune to appreciate it. Landscapes, as usual, predominate in number; some of these seem to accomplish perfectly the aims of their several authors, being in drawing, color, and effect, literal transcripts of nature. One by Lessing, one by A. Weber, and another by A. Flamm, are remarkable for everything that can be desired in respect to beauty of design and faultless execution. There are many others that suffer but little from a contrast with the masterpieces just named, but their authors are unknown to your readers, and there are few things less interesting than a catalogue of "sunsets," "forest scenes," etc., by men whose fame has not yet crossed the Atlantic. Of portraits and *genre* pictures there is nothing to be said, as the exhibition at present contains very few of them, and they are not of a kind to deserve attention. The few of the latter which are exhibited are repre-

tations of the same old tale of trifling incident in low domestic life—of cabbage leaves and the brass kettle. They are marked as before by great power of execution, with almost a total want of invention; so far indeed is this the case, that their authors are reduced to plagiarize the works of each other, inasmuch as in less than a month after a piece entitled "The Grandmother's Visit" has been exhibited, we generally see another by a different artist setting forth "The Grandfather's Visit," and then successively "The Grandchild's Visit to its Grandmother," and ditto ditto to its grandfather. Not long ago there was a small picture exhibited called "Two Children in a Wood;" very shortly afterwards a "Forest with two Children" made its appearance. So, too, the "First Born" suggested the "New Calf," etc.

It is doubtless generally known to the interested that Lessing has accepted the directorship of the Academy at Carlsruhe. He will go hence as soon as his affairs are settled—possibly in less than a month. The Malkasten (a society of Dusseldorf artists so called) gave him a dinner. On this occasion, in addition to the usual complimentary and other speeches, his principal works were represented on a stage by living characters, in the persons of members of the association. Some of these living pictures were excellent, recalling vividly their originals. The departure of this great artist will leave a blank in the Dusseldorf school, which, in all probability, will never be supplied; indeed, a man of such depth of thought and of such immense power as an artist, is a phenomenon which only appears once in a hundred years. His nature, although modest and retiring, has always commanded the respect of his contemporaries, and his generosity has won all hearts. He will be followed to Carlsruhe by many of his fellow-artists, and he will take with him the best wishes of all. His last historical work, "The taking of Pope Paschall by Henry V. of France," is now almost finished; it contains every excellence of his "Huss," with the additional beauty of splendid color, which the nature of his characters, in a manner, rendered a necessity.

Mr. Leutze, as usual, is hard at work; at present he is about finishing his "Sergeant Jasper Replanting the Flag on Fort Moultrie." The sergeant is represented of life size, as scaling the fort with the recovered flag in hand, which he waves in triumph. The blue ocean at his feet receives the cannon balls directed at him by the enemy; in the distance are seen the men of war vomiting forth their ineffectual fire, while the sky overhead is filled with smoke from the well-returned shots of the fort. Much could be said of the truthful color of the water, riddled by balls which have fallen short of their mark; of the lightness of the smoke, above all, of the animated action and expression of the sergeant himself, all of which points call forth many and strong expressions of delight and admiration; but, although my pen is that of a gossip, and therefore perhaps better entitled to such exclamations than many of more pretensions, I must eschew them, leaving the praise—they surely cannot condemn it—of this work to those who are more familiar with the subject, and better enabled to appreciate it. Mr. Leutze is also occupied with his arrangements for leaving here about January next—a month sooner or later. His intention is to take an atelier on the heights of Georgetown, near Washington, where he will locate himself with his family for the remainder of his days. He has spoken of establishing a school, which it is to be hoped he will do. The departure of Mr. Leutze will be witnessed by his contemporaries with even more concern than that of Lessing; in the latter they will